

## That is not a sex toy, is it?

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# **That is not a sex toy, is it?**

by [Immaship](#)

## Summary

Rose sent Shane a Christmas gift. Shane opened it with Ilya and Anya on Christmas Day.

“Maybe Rose thought you're boring in bed with me too so she gifted us this.”

“Fuck you,” Shane hisses as his faces keep getting redder and redder.

With the heartiest heart-eyes any human can ever have, Ilya replies, “I will, sweetheart.”

## Notes

Posted this on a later date than originally planned.

Little backstory of the inspiration behind: saw the cactus scrubbing tool for dogs and cats and my mind immediately thought “Damn, whoever designed those did not think it through bcs those are phallic looking cacti”

Idk why that’s my first thought. I guess someone’s freaky ass is too influential HAHAHAHA

A package arrived at Shane and Ilya's cottage. It is a Christmas gift from Rose, which Ilya eyes between suspicious and distasteful.

"Ilya, you have to let the past go," Shane says while gesturing for him to hand over the festive paper bag.

Ilya shrugs dismissively. "I don't know what you're talking about," he replies and hands Shane the festive paper bag from *Rose Landry*.

Shane looks at him in the eyes and leans his head to the side as if saying, *I know you know what I'm talking about*. His husband dismisses him and sits on their couch.

Anya runs towards Shane, jumping at his feet in curiosity on the paper bag. Shane picks her up and walks to the couch, putting her down in between him and Ilya.

"How 'bout we open it together?" Shane asks.

Ilya lifts his eyebrow, then mumbles, "Sure, whatever."

"Oh, I was talking to Anya."

"Oh-kay. I wasn't talking to you, Hollander."

Cuteness aggression is not enough to describe what Shane is feeling towards the way Ilya hugs the throw pillows more and the way Ilya pouts.

"Ilya," he says in the tone he uses to chastise his pouty, jealous husband. "Come here."

"No."

"Come here."

"Hm...no. *You* come here."

Shane sighs but switches places with Anya. "Would you like to see what Rose's present is?"

"Sure. I bet it's boring."

"Well, let's see."

Shane unties the ribbon, takes out the felt papers, and pulls out a strange looking...cactus.

Both of them stare at the orange, rubber cactus that is very phallicly suggestive. Its 'spikes' are round on the tip. When Ilya reaches in the paper bag, he pulls out a girther, longer, color green cactus. He has to put a hand on his mouth to stifle his laughter.

On the other hand, Shane is bashfully red. He shoves the orange cactus in the paper bag, then he reaches for the green one that Ilya is holding, but Ilya pulls it out of his reach.

”Ilya! Hey, give that back. I think Rose sent us the wrong present.”

He got a hold on the cactus but his husband pulled the cactus away, to which he also got pulled along, landing on his husband’s chest.

Ilya is still laughing hysterically that he had to wipe a tear on the corner of his eye. Shane looks at him with mouth hanging open in disbelief, but then he is laughing along. Anya jumps on Shane’s back, barking at them as if asking to be a part of whatever they’re laughing about.

Once they have calmed themselves from laughing, they sit up and study the cacti.

“What is it?” Shane muses with grimace as he pokes one of the spikes of the green cactus.

”What do you think, Shane? It’s a sex toy.”

“You’re saying it like it is a matter of fact.”

“Because it is. What do you think *this* is?”

Ilya hands Shane the green cactus, to which Shane folds his hands away from. Since Ilya didn’t move the cactus away from Shane’s reach, Shane lets out a long sigh and pushes the cactus to Ilya, then he pulls out his phone.

”I’m pretty sure this is some mistake. Rose might’ve intended to send that to—“

”How many Canadian friends does Rose have?”

”What? Uh, I don’t know. Surely I’m not the only one.”

”Okay. But how about Canadian *and* gay?”

Shane gives Ilya a *What that fuck?* look, to which Ilya shrugs in a *Well?* way. In the end, the Canadian sighs and thinks about it.

“I don’t know. I’ll ask her.” He just has his phone when a hand stops him from unlocking it. “What?”

There’s a shimmer in Ilya’s eyes that always makes Shane swallow nervously, and it’s not because the *shimmer* makes him nervous but, rather, he *knows* Ilya has an idea that is *crazy* but not too crazy to put him off. Most of his husband’s crazy ideas have done good [wonders] in their sex life. *This one*, his husband might be onto something.

“You got any suggestions on what to do with these?” He prompts while feeling his face turn red.

“This is an interesting gift,” Ilya says, looking at Rose’s gift with wide eyes and wide grin. “Maybe Rose thought you’re boring in bed with me too so she gifted us this.”

“Fuck you,” Shane hisses as his faces keep getting redder and redder.

With the heartiest heart-eyes any human can ever have, Ilya replies, “I will, sweetheart.”

Shane’s jaw falls on the floor. Ilya goes forth with his plan.

“Anya, *davay ulozhim tebya v postel* [let’s get you in your bed]. Shane, be a dear and take Rose’s gift in our room.”

The cheeky bastard has the audacity to wink with his shit-eating grin, successfully riling his husband more.

Shane is in their bedroom, sitting on the end of the bed, staring at the suggestively phallic ‘sex toys’. He really has to reconsider going with whatever Ilya has in mind because the chances that those aren’t Rose’s gift for them is slim but not zero. He really has to firmly reconsider before Ilya walks through the door.

Ilya walks through the door with the biggest grin on his face. He grabs his husband's face before any word of reasoning or backtracking comes out. A whimper from Shane is enough for him to grin while still melting Shane into a puddle on the bed.

They lay on their bed, still making out, but with an added grinding and their shirts off.

“I think we should wash those before we use them,” Shane suggests despite eagerly rubbing his tent on Ilya’s.

“Not necessary,” Ilya replies whilst pulling Shane’s pajamas off.

Shane frowns. “Then we’re not doing what you’re planning,” he says as he pulls himself away from Ilya’s wandering mouth on his abdomen. “Who knows where or what surface those things have been on.”

“Oh my god, Shane. I’m not going to put it in you. Calm down.” Ilya sits on his heels and his hands are palm up as if gesturing to a stray cat that he means no harm.

“Then what on Earth are you suggesting to do with those?”

“They vibrate, yes?”

“What?”

Ilya grabs the orange cactus, shows him the button underneath, presses the button, and the cactus *actually* vibrates. It actually *vibrates*. Shane never felt this disturbed but strangely turned-on in the afternoon. Should it be mentioned that it is also an afternoon on December 25?

“Oh. My. God,” are the only words he can muster. Meanwhile, Ilya presses his other hand on the ‘vibrating’ cactus, feeling if the vibrations are harsh, or if the spikes are uncomfortable. He inspects it, which flutters Shane’s heart.

“I don’t think there's setting for vibrations,” Ilya says as he presses the button, to which he sees the vibrations slow down. “The spikes are not rough. More like, uh, massaging?”

Shane watches the cactus vibrate on Ilya’s hands, and boy, oh boy, does the image do things to him.

“Give me your hand,” he says, his right hand reaching for Ilya’s.

Ilya does, then he gets caught off-guard when Shane reaches for both his hands and uses them to press the cactus on the bulge beneath his boxers. Both of them let out loud, in-sync moans on the second the vibrations meet flesh.

This is crazy. Crazy beyond what Shane thinks he will be into. It's not like Ilya and him don't have their little stash of toys, but the vibrations coming from the blunt spikes of the cactus is driving him wilder than any vibrator has ever had. Either that or there's something about having Christmas afternoon sex with his husband after long weeks of lazy handjobs, occasional blowjobs, and too-tired-to-do sex between games and long flights

Ilya rubs the toy in a languid vertical direction that has Shane arching his back up from the bed, his legs spreading wider, and his hand gripping Ilya’s harder.

“Ahhh,” Shane whimpers. “That does make a good massager.”

Ilya doesn’t reply. He just *massages* Shane’s dick and watches and listens to Shane letting himself be loud and be lost in pleasure.

Shane suddenly sits up, then pushes Ilya’s hand away. When Shane keeps his head down and takes deep breaths for more than five seconds, Ilya worries.

”Too much?”

Shane can only whimper a ‘No’.

”Are you okay?”

“Yes. I just, uh, got overstimulated.”

”Is that bad?”

”No, no. It’s good, but I don’t want to...um, just yet.”

Ilya lets out a breath of relief. “Okay. Then what do you want to do now?”

Instead of words, Shane lifts his head, leans forward to capture Ilya's upper lip. It is a soft kiss.

“Make me cum with it.”

Ilya, who has sex with Shane multiple times, in multiple ways, gets flustered by this side of Shane. Hearing Shane say what he wants in bed is not rare, but not also common. Most of the

time, he just requests for Ilya to milk him dry or pound him to the point he couldn't walk without feeling him for days.

Their sex life can be rough, can be soft, can be lazy, can be just them cuddling after.

Shane does the thing with his eyes, where they will look wet as if he is on the verge of crying if Ilya doesn't touch him right at this very second.

With that, Ilya locks in. He takes Shane's underwear off, grabs a condom and the lube on the bedside drawer, puts the condom on the toy then coat it with lube, turns it on, and then presses it on Shane's much hard, very leaking cock. The vibrations sent waves of pleasure to Shane's spine that he howled as he arched up his back. Strong hands on his chest pressed him back on the bed, making him squirm.

"Da, Shane. *Ty takaya krasivaya*. [You're so beautiful like this]."

Shane takes a sharp inhale. "*Blya, Ilya. Yeshche. Pozhaluysta. Yeshche, Ilya, pozhaluysta*. [Fuck, Ilya. More. Please. More, Ilya, please.]"

"*Ty ub'yesh' menya*, Shane. [You will murder me, Shane.]"

Ilya angles the opening of the toy on the head, earning a silent scream from his husband. His jaw drops by the sight of Shane; mouth wide open but no sound comes out, arching up his back so much against Ilya's hold on him. Then it just occurred to Ilya that Shane just had a dry orgasm.

Shane is really about to murder him.

Once Shane's body becomes jello, Ilya looks at the toy, which is now covered in lube and cum. He looks at Shane, who has that post-orgasm glow that drives Ilya crazier.

He tosses the toy on the side before crawling forward and latching his mouth on Shane's. They kiss languidly, lovingly.

"*Voydi v menya*. [Get inside me.]" Shane says with his teary, horny eyes.

Ilya grins, both delighted and more aroused. "You're really making use of those Russian lessons well, huh?"

"Is it paying off?"

"Oh, yes. Very well."

Ilya kisses him again, sweeter this time. Then he tugs his shirt off and pulls his pants down. A wave of pride comes on his chest because his husband looks at with awe, as if they haven't seen each other naked hundreds of times.

He tugs his cock, giving it a squeeze to make a point that he is not going to last long.

"Should I, um, wear one?"

“Fuck no.”

In a blink of an eye, Shane manhandled Ilya, getting him on his back and then straddled his legs. Shane gives Ilya’s cock three tugs before taking it in his mouth. groan whilst one of his hands holds on After tasting the precum, he decided to stop because he wants—*needs*—Ilya to finish inside *him*, not inside his *mouth*.

He positions himself, stares right back at Ilya, then has himself penetrated smoothly, inch by agonizingly good inch. Both of them let out loud moans as Shane takes Ilya until there’s no inch left unwrapped by Shane’s hole.

Ilya swallows hard, feeling his cock about to explode if Shane would move even a millimeter. He is flustered by that urge, but he can’t fully blame himself because his husband is a very hot, arousing man, who is just as eager as he is.

Shane’s rhythm falters after two minutes; he is frantically riding Ilya’s cock, and Ilya obliges by thrusting up to meet him. His voice gets louder and louder, but he doesn’t give a fuck because there’s no one else in their cottage but them.

”I’m close,” Ilya manages to say in between gasps.

”I’m close too,” Shane replies in between ragged breaths. “Oh!”

Ilya grabbed Shane by his waist then turned them over—from cowboy to missionary. A transition Ilya does so smoothly that makes Shane more dick—*mesmerized*, rather, by Ilya's sheer strength.

The only sounds that fill the room are their moans, skins slapping, and bed creaking.

Ilya held onto the headboard as his thrusts became frantic. Shane has his fingers deep in Ilya’s back, leaving harsh red marks. They chase their highs, screaming at the same time they finish together.

The room falls quiet. Only their heavy breathing and groans fill the room. Carefully, Ilya pulls out, making Shane whimper by the loss and by the feeling of his load oozing out.

“Wow. You look so pretty,” Ilya says, looking at Shane’s hole.

Shane blushes and clenches his hole upon his husband's absurd comment (slash compliment). “Come here,” he says, opening his arms for his husband to lay on his chest.

Ilya does, and they lay in their bed. “Do you want to clean up?” He asks with his chin propped on Shane’s chest.

Shane shakes his head. “Later.”

“Okay,” Ilya says and lays his head back on Shane's chest.

‘Later’ didn't happen. They fell asleep with their arms wrapped around each other.

## Christmas After

“Shane!”

“Hi, Rose.”

“How's my present? Have you guys used it?”

Shane covers his mouth as if Rose can see the blush forming on his cheeks through the phone call. Good thing is that Ilya took Anya for a walk, so he's now here to tease him.

*Have we used it? Yeah, right away.*

“Uh, yeah,” he answers.

“Oh great. How was it?”

*Oh my god. What are these questions?*

“Great.” Even he can hear the question mark in his voice. He bites his lips whilst wishing that Rose will stop with that question.

“Come on, give me details,” she giddily insists.

Shane makes a ‘what the fuck’ face. He is debating whether to respond to her *honestly*, or respond to her *vaguely*.

Knowing him, he'll do both.

“Uh, well, it's a nice...cactus...toy. Very fun to use.” He clears his throat as the memory of the *afternoon* they used it flashes in his mind. “Thank you for it, by the way.”

He hears Rose's joyful cheers from the phone speaker.

“Welcome! Did you know, I just saw that in Tiktok? There's like a thousand positive comments about it.”

Shane feels a mixture confusion and fear.

Rose adds, “I mean, it's very funny looking but it looks legit, right?”

“Ah, yeah. Yeah, totally. Um, Rose, can ask you something?”

“Sure.”

Timingly, Ilya and Anya arrives at the door. “Shane, we're back!!” Ilya's voice roars from the front door, as well as Anya's chirpy barks.

When Ilya removes the leash on Anya, Anya dashes to the living room and jumping on Shane's lap. She gives him enthusiastic licks on his face, which always tickles him. Ilya follows behind her. He stands by the couch to watch the two living beings in he love the most in the entire planet.

"Is that Anya?" Rose asks, which reminds Shane that she is still on the phone.

Ilya's senses tingles, to which his grin falls on a serious line. He puts his hands on the pockets of his shorts and chooses to stand there and listen.

"Yeah. It's Anya. She just got back from their walk," Shane replies. He lifts his gaze, sees Ilya just standing with his arms crossed. He chuckles because he knows Ilya is fighting to pout. "Ilya is here too," he says with a cheeky smile.

"Hi, Ilya! Hi, Anya!"

Anya barks, Ilya doesn't say anything. Shane sends him a look that Yuna sends to Shane when he is not being polite to someone.

Ilya folds then says, "Hi, Rose Landry."

Rose chuckles. "Shane, am I on speaker?"

Shane suddenly feels nervous on why Rose is asking. "Uh, yes."

"Alright. Ilya, can I ask you something?"

Unconsiously, Ilya disassociates for a second because his mind generates the possible things that she could ask him, and most of those ignites his anxiousness. He clenches his jaw, then answers, "Sure. What is it?"

"How was the toy?"

Shane always drops his phone. Ilya's eyes widen.

"What toy?" He asks as if he is not grinning from knowing what she means.

"The cactus, silly."

"Ohh." Ilya's eyes are wide in amusement. "It's great. Shane loves it. We used it right away, actually. He earns a slap on the arm for that.

Rose, who is trully oblivious, seems to take that in a different way. "Really? Great. Thanks for the positive reviews, you two. I'll definitely buy one."

Ilya fails to hold his laughter. "Right. I think you'll like it too."

Shane slaps him on the arm (again). Ilya turns his eyes to Shane, seeing him looking really red from being embarrassed.

“What? Why are you laughing?” She asks.

Ilya is about to speak when Shane stands up and covers his mouth.

“Nothing. He's just being an asshole about it.”

Rose laughs. “I get why. It's very suggestive, isn't it? Not gonna lie, I was so embarrassed when I thought of giving it as a gift to you guys, but I know you always take Anya for a walk, Ilya, and you, Shane, complain how her feet get muddy during the rainy and snowy days.”

The whole room literally pauses. Shane and Ilya look at each other, both confused.

“What?” Shane asks. “What do you mean?”

“Huh? I meant that I thought of the cactus lessening Anya's bath time after every walk.” There's a pause before realization sinks in her. “Wait. Oh my god.”

“Holy shit,” Shane cusses under his breath.

Ilya pulls Shane's hand off of his mouth and asks, bluntly, “Is it not a sex toy?”

Rose gasps so loud it's audible through the phone. “What the fuck? Did you guys think that it's a sex toy?”

Ilya got to say ‘Yeah’ before Shane slams his forehead on the junction of Ilya's neck and shoulder. For a minute they all let the *shocking information* sink in, and then they're all laughing the next minute.

“Don't tell me that what you meant about using it is actually you using it for sexy time?”

“Rose,” Shane groans, “please stop. I'm so embarrassed already.”

“Yes, that is what we meant,” Ilya says, answering Rose's question whilst chuckling.

“Oh wow. You two are freaky.”

All three of them sneaker at that.

“So let me get it clear, it's not a sex toy, it's a cleaning tool for Anya, yes?” Ilya asks.

“Yes. But it seems like you discovered a different way of *using* it.”

“Rose,” Shane attempts to chastise her. “Don't join him on this bit.”

Ilya smiles; Rose chuckles on the phone.

“Thank you for the gift, Rose,” Ilya says.

Shane lifts his head and is about to scold Ilya, but his words get lost after being charmed by Ilya's cheeky smile.

“Right. Welcome, Ilya. You know what, I think we should hang-out, you and me.”

Ilya pauses for a second then he replies, “I would like that.”

Shane feels himself soften at hearing his husband and his girl best friend getting along. Then he slightly forgets that that would mean both of them would be menaces to him.

“Great! Oh no, my agent’s calling. I have to answer this,” She says, whilst the call rings in the background.

“It’s alright,” Shane says.

“Good, it means you got the role. Or not,” Ilya teases.

“Har har. I gotta go. Merry Christmas to you freaks. And Merry Christmas to the sweetest angel, Anya.”

“Merry Christmas to you too, Rose.” Shane says.

“Merry Christmas!” Ilya says. Then he picks up Anya. Anya barks.

Rose ends the call. Shane flops on the couch, Ilya and Anya do too beside him.

“I like her,” Ilya suddenly says. “Now, not before.”

Shane shifts on his seat so he's facing Ilya. “Yeah?” He asks with a smile.

“Yeah,” Ilya answers with a head nod. “She knows good toys so.” He earns himself a playful slap on the thigh. “Toys for Anya, Shane. Not for you.”

Shane chuckles, bashfully, and then he scoots closer to cuddle with Ilya and Anya.

They all just cuddle there on their couch, Anya on Ilya’s lap and Shane on Ilya's chest.

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